

The Tragedie

But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie?

Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me though) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greete my stranger soule,
Was my great Father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke monarchie aford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud,
Clarence is come, false, fleeing, periurd *Clarence*?
That stabd me in the field at *Tenxbury*:

Seaze one him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine cares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleene but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impressiō made the dreame.

Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am afraid to heare you tell it.

Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now beare euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake and see how he requites me:
I pray thee gentile keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy and I faine would sleepe.

Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing howres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their title for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginatiōs,
They often feelee a world of restless cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

Of Richard the Third

There's nothing differs but the outward
The murderers enter

In Gods name what are you, and how come you?

Exe. I would speake with *Clarence*,
Bro. Yea, are ye so brieft?

2. *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be briefe
Shew him your Commission, talke no more.

Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
the noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands
I will not reason what is meant thereby
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning
Heere are the keyes, there sits the Duke
He to his maiesty and certifie his Grace
That thus I haue resign'd my place to you.

Exe. Do so it is apoynt of wisdom.

2. What shall we stab him as he sleepe?

1. Noe then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.

2. When he wakes,

Why foole he shall neuer wake till the morning.

1. Why then he will say we stabd him while he slept.

2. The vrging of that word Iudgement.

A kinde of remorse in me.

1. What art afraid?

2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant from the King
For killing him, from which no warrant can be had.

1. Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him.

2. I pray thee stay a while, I hope not to see him
Change, twas wont to hold me but while he lived.

1. How dost thou feelee thy selfe now?

2. Faith some certaine dregs of conscience.

1. Remember our reward when the Duke is dead.

2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.

1. Where is thy conscience now?

2. In the Duke of *Glocester* purse.

1. So when he opens his purse to giue his reward
Thy conscience flies out.

2. Let it goe ther's few or none will it be.

1. How if it come to thee againe?

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